
THE
MISTAKE.
A
COMEDY.

1706

THE

MUSEUM



18.
THE
MISTAKE.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
QUEEN'S THEATRE in the
Hay-Market.

By Her MAJESTY's Sworn Servants.

By the Author of *The Provok'd Wife, &c.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for Jacob Tonson, within Grays-Inn Gate next

Grays-Inn Lane. 1706.

10. Januar.

THE
MISTAKE

COMEDY

BY JAMES T. MURPHY



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San Diego, California

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Steele.

Spoken by Mr. Booth.

OUR Author's Wit and Raillery to-Night
Perhaps might please, but that your Stage-Delight }
No more is in your Minds, but Ears and Sight; }
With Audiences compos'd of Belles and Beaux,
The first Dramatick Rule is, Have good Cloathes.
To charm the gay Spectator's gentle Breast,
In Lace and Feather Tragedy's express'd, }
And Heroes die unpity'd, if ill dress'd. }

The other Style you full as well advance;
If 'tis a Comedy, you ask, — Who dance?
For oh! what dire Convulsions have of late
Torn and distracted each Dramatick State,
On this great Question, Which House first should sell
The New French Steps, imported by Ruel? *
Desbarques can't rise so high, we must agree,
They've half a Foot in Height more Wit than we.
But tho' the Genius of our learned Age
Thinks fit to Dance and Sing, quite off the Stage,
True Action, Comick Mirth, and Tragick Rage;
Yet, as your Taste now stands, our Author draws
Some Hopes of your Indulgence and Applause.
For that great End this Edifice he made,
Where humble Swain at Lady's Feet is laid;

*Darius
Wadon
h 64.*

Where

*Where the pleas'd Nymph her conquer'd Lover spies,
Then to Glass Pillars turns her conscious Eyes,
And points a-new each Charm, for which he dies.*

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*The Muse, before nor Terrible nor Great,
Enjoys by him this awful gilded Seat:
By him Theatrick Angels mount more high,
And Mimick Thunders shake a broader Sky.*

*Thus all must own, our Author has done more
For your Delight, than ever Bard before.
His Thoughts are still to raise your Pleasures fill'd;
To Write, Translate, to Blazon, or to Build.
Then take him in the Lump, nor nicely pry
Into small Faults, that 'scape a busie Eye;
But kindly, Sirs, consider, he to-Day
Finds you the House, the Actors, and the Play:
So, tho' we Stage-Mechanick Rules omit,
You must allow it in a Whole-Sale Wit.*

Dramatis

Distances - Portland

1871

Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland
Don't know, Father to Portland



T.H.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Don <i>Alvarez</i> , Father to <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Betterton</i> .
Don <i>Felix</i> , Father to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	Mr. <i>Bright</i> .
Don <i>Carlos</i> , in Love with <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Booth</i> .
Don <i>Lorenzo</i> , in Love with <i>Leonora</i> .	Mr. <i>Husbands</i> .
<i>Metaphrastus</i> , Tutor to <i>Camillo</i> .	Mr. <i>Freeman</i> .
<i>Sancho</i> , Servant to <i>Carlos</i> .	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Lopez</i> , Servant to <i>Lorenzo</i> .	Mr. <i>Pack</i> .
A Bravo.	

W O M E N.

<i>Leonora</i> , Daughter to <i>Alvarez</i> .	Mrs. <i>Bowman</i> .
<i>Camillo</i> , suppos'd Son to <i>Alvarez</i> .	Mrs. <i>Harcourt</i> .
<i>Isabella</i> , her Friend.	Mrs. <i>Porter</i> .
<i>Jacinta</i> , Servant to <i>Leonora</i> .	Mrs. <i>Baker</i> .

THE

T H E
M I S T A K E.

A C T I S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Carlos and Sancho.

Car. **I** Tell thee, I am not satisfy'd, I'm in Love enough to be suspicious of every body.

San. And yet methinks, Sir, you should leave me out.

Car. It may be so; I can't tell; but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a Knave, at least they'll make a Fool of thee.

San. I don't believe a Word on't: But good faith, Master, your Love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis, but methinks when you suspect me, you don't seem a Man of half those Parts I us'd to take you for. Look in my Face; 'tis round and comely, not One hollow Line of a Villain in it: Men of my Fabrick don't use to be suspected for Knaves, and when you take us for Fools, we never take you for wise Men. For my part, in this present Case, I take my self to be mighty deep. A Stander by, Sir, sees more than a Gamester. You are pleas'd to be jealous of your poor Mistress without a Cause, she uses you but too well, in my humble Opinion; she sees you, and talks with you, 'till I am quite tired on't sometimes.

B

The Mistake.

times; and your Rival that you are so scar'd about, forces a Visit upon her, about once in a Fortnight.

Car. Alas, thou art ignorant in these Affairs, he that's the civilly'st receiv'd is often the least car'd for: Women appear warm to one, to hide a Flame for another. *Lorenzo* in short appears too compos'd of late to be a rejected Lover, and the Indifference he shews upon the Favours I seem to receive from her poisons the Pleasure I else should taste in 'em, and keeps me on a perpetual Rack. No—I would fain see some of his jealous Transports, have him fire at the Sight o' me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me——

San. ——Run you through the Guts.

Car. But he's too calm, his Heart's too much at Ease, to leave me mine at Rest.

San. But, Sir, you forget that there are two Ways for our Hearts to get at Ease; when our Mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we—not to care a Fig for them. Now suppose, upon the Rebukes you know he has had, it should chance to be the latter.

Car. Again thy Ignorance appears: Alas, a Lover who has broke his Chain will shun the Tyrant that enslav'd him, Indifference never is his Lot, he loves or hates for ever; and if his Mistress prove another's Prize, he cannot calmly see her in his Arms.

San. For my part, Master, I'm not so great a Philosopher as you be, nor (thank my Stars) so bitter a Lover, but what I see,——that I generally believe; and when *Jacinta* tells me she loves me dearly, I have good Thoughts enough of my Person never to doubt the Truth on't. See, here the Baggage comes.

Enter Jacinta with a Letter.

Hist, *Jacinta*, my Dear.

Jacin. Who's that? Blunderbuss? Where's your Master?

San. Hard by.

[*Shewing him.*

Jacin.

The Mistake.

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Jacin. O Sir, I'm glad I have found you at last; I believe I have travell'd five Miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the Walks, nor at Church, nor at the Opera, nor —

San. Nor any where else, where he was not to be found; if you had look'd for him where he was, 'twas Ten to One but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jackadandy?

Car. But prithee what's the Matter? Who sent you after me?

Jacin. One who's never well but when she sees you, I think; 'twas my Lady.

Car. Dear *Jacinta*, I fain would flatter my self, but am not able; the Blessing's too great to be my Lot: Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me; how short soe'er I am in other Merit, the Tenderness I have for *Leonora* claims something from her Generosity, I should not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are? methinks she's pretty well above-board with you, what must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, *Lorenzo* must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jacin. How? *Lorenzo*?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why you are not mad, Sir, are you? Jealous of him! Pray which Way may this have got into your Head? I took you for a Man of Sense before. — Is this your Doings, Log? [To Sancho.

San. No forsooth, Pert, I'm not much given to Suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward. — If I were, I might find more Cause, I guess, than your Mistress has given our Master here. But I have so many pretty Thoughts of my own Person, Housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no Man.

Jacin. That's the Way to prosper, however so far I'll confess the Truth to thee, at least if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in Love-Matters, Sir: When you suspect a Woman's falling off, you fall a plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with Reason, and a sour Face; udslife, Sir, attack her with a Fid-

dle, double your good Humour,——give her a Ball,——powder your Perriwig at her,——let her cheat you at Cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. But to come upon a poor Woman with the gloomy Face of Jealousie, before she gives the least Occasion for't, is to set a complaisant Rival in too favourable a Light: Sir, Sir, I must tell you, I have seen those have ow'd their Success to nothing else.

Car. Say no more; I have been to blame, but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly however for what's past, if I carry'd back what I have brought you; but I'm good-natur'd, so here 'tis, open it, and see how wrong you tum'd your Jealousie.

Car. reads.] If you love me with that Tenderneſs you have made me long believe you do, this Letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have Leave to plead a Daughter's Weakneſs to a Father's Indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you ſhall be as happy as my Obedience to 'em can make you.

Leonora.

Then I shall be what Man was never yet; [*Kissing the Letter.*] Ten Thousand Blessings on thee for thy News, I could adore thee as a Deity. [*Embracing Jacin.*

San. True Flesh and Blood, every Inch of her, for all that.

Car. reads again.] And if you prevail with him to lay his Commands upon me, you ſhall be as happy as my Obedience to 'em can make you.

O happy, happy Carlos: But what shall I say to thee for this welcome Message? [*To Jacin.*] Alas! I want Words—But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and——

[*Giving her his Ring, Watch and Purſe.*

San. Hold, Sir; pray leave a little Something for our Board-Wages. You can't carry 'em all, I believe: [*To Jacinta.*] Shall I ease thee of this? [*Offering to take the Purſe.*

Jacin.

The Mistake.

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Jacin. No; but you may carry — That, Sirrah.

[Giving him a Box o' th' Ear.]

San. The Jade's grown Purple-proud already.

Car. Well, dear *Jacinta*, say something to your charming Mistress, that I am not able to say my self: But, above all, excuse my late unpardonable Folly, and offer her my Life to expiate my Crime.

Jacin. The best Plea for Pardon will be never to repeat the Fault.

Car. If that will do, 'tis seal'd for ever.

Jacin. Enough. But I must be gone; Success attend you with the old Gentleman. God by t'ye, Sir. [Ex.] *Jacin.*

Car. Eternal Blessings follow thee.

San. I think she has taken 'em all with her; the Jade has got her Apron full.

Car. Is not that *Lorenzo* coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he; for my part now I pity the poor Gentleman.

Enter Lorenzo.

Car. I'll let him see at last I can be chearful too. Your Servant, Don *Lorenzo*; how do you do this Morning?

Lor. I thank you, Don *Carlos*, perfectly well, both in Body and in Mind.

Car. What? Cur'd of your Love then?

Lor. No, nor I hope I never shall. May I ask you how 'tis with yours?

Car. Encreasing every Hour; we are very constant both.

Lor. I find so much Delight in being so, I hope I never shall be otherwise.

Car. Those Joys I am well acquainted with, but should lose 'em soon were I to meet a cool Reception.

Lor. That's ev'ry generous Lover's Case, no doubt; an Angel could not Fire my Heart, but with an equal Flame.

Car. And yet you said you still lov'd *Leonora*.

Lor. And yet I said I lov'd her.

Car. Does she then return you? —

Lor. Ev'ry thing my Passion can require.

Car. Its Wants are small, I find.

Lor.

Lor. Extended as the Heav'ns.

Car. I pity you.

Lor. He must be a Deity that does so.

Car. Yet I'm a Mortal, and once more can pity you. Alas *Lorenzo*, 'tis a poor Cordial to an aching Heart, to have the Tongue alone announce it happy; besides, 'tis mean; you should be more a Man.

Lor. I find I have made you an unhappy one, so can forgive the Boilings of your Spleen.

Car. This seeming Calmness might have the Effect your Vanity proposes by it; had I not a Testimony of her Love would (should I shew it) sink you to the Center.

Lor. Yet still I'm calm as ever.

Car. Nay, then have at your Peace. Read that, and end the Farce. [*Gives him Leonora's Letter.*]

Lor. reads.] I have read it.

Car. And know the Hand?

Lor. 'Tis *Leonora's*; I have often seen it.

Car. I hope you then at last are satisfy'd.

Lor. I am, [*Smiling.*] Good-morrow *Carlos*. [*Ex. Lor.*]

San. Sure he's mad, Master.

Car. Mad, say'st thou?

San. And yet birlady, that was a sort of a dry, sober Smile at going off.

Car. A very sober one. Had he shewn me such a Letter, I had put on another Countenance.

San. Ay a' my Conscience had you.

Car. Here's Mystery in this — I like it not.

San. I see his Man and Confident there, *Lopez*. Shall I draw him on a *Scotch* Pair of Boots, Master, and make him tell all?

Car. Some Questions I must ask him; call him hither.

San. Hem, *Lopez*, hem.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Who calls?

Car. I, and my Master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San. You can indeed, Sir.

[*Laying hold on him.*
Car.]

The Mistake.

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Car. Whither in such haste, honest *Lopez*; what? upon some Love Errand?

Lop. Sir, your Servant; I ask your Pardon, but I was going——

Car. I guess where; but you need not be shy of me any more, thy Master and I are no longer Rivals, I have yeilded up the Cause; the Lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, Sir? Shall I then live to see my Master and you Friends again?

San. Yes; and what's better: Thou and I shall be Friends too. There will be no more fear of Christian Blood-shed, I give thee up *Jacinta*; she's a slippery Housewife, so Master and I are going to match our selves elsewhere.

Lop. But is it possible, Sir, your Honour should be in earnest? I'm afraid you are pleas'd to be merry with your poor humble Servant.

Car. I'm not at present much dispos'd to Mirth, my Indifference in this Matter is not so thoroughly form'd; but my Reason has so far master'd my Passion, to shew me 'tis in vain to pursue a Woman whose Heart already is anothers. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have rous'd my Resolution to my Aid, and broke my Chains for ever.

Lop. Well, Sir, to be plain with you, this is the joyfull'st News I have heard this long time, for I always knew you to be a mighty honest Gentleman, and good Faith it often went to the Heart o' me to see you so abus'd. Dear, dear, have I often said to my self, (when they have had a private Meeting just after you have been gone.)——

Car. Ha?

San. Hold, Master, don't kill him yet. [*To Car. aside.*]

Lop. I say I have said to my self, What wicked Things are Women, and what pity it is they should be suffer'd in a Christian Country; what a Shame they should be allow'd to play Will in the Wisp with Men of Honour, and lead 'em through Thorns and Briers, and Rocks and rugged Ways, 'till their Hearts are torn in Pieces, like an old Coat in a Fox Chace? I say, I have said to my self——

Car.

Car. Thou hast said enough to thy self, but say a little more to me: Where were these secret Meetings thou talk'st of?

Lop. In fundry Places, and by divers Ways; sometimes in the Cellar, sometimes in the Garret, sometimes in the Court, sometimes in the Gutter; but the Place where the Kifs of Kisses was given was——

Car. In Hell.

Lop. Sir?

Car. Speak, Fury; what dost thou mean by the Kifs of Kisses?

Lop. The Kifs of Peace, Sir; the Kifs of Union; the Kifs of Consummation.

Car. Thou ly'st, Villain.

Lop. I don't know but I may, Sir,——What the Devil's the Matter now? [*Aside.*

Car. There's not one Word of Truth in all thy curst Tongue has utter'd.

Lop. No, Sir, I—I—believe there is not.

Car. Why then did'st thou say it, Wretch?

Lop. O—only in Jest, Sir.

Car. I am not in a jesting Condition.

Lop. Nor I—at present, Sir.

Car. Speak then the Truth, as thou wou'dst do it at the Hour of Death.

Lop. Yes, at the Gallows, and be turn'd off as soon as I've done. [*Aside.*

Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short Prayer.

Car. I am distracted, and fright the Wretch from telling me what I am upon the Wrack to know. [*Aside.*] Forgive me, *Lopez*, I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee: Let this obtain thy Pardon. [*Gives him Money.*]
Thou see'st I am disturb'd.

Lop. Yes, Sir, I see I have been led into a Snare; I have said too much.

Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my Torment, but a farther Knowledge of what causes my Misery. Speak then! Have I any thing to hope?

Lop.

The Mistake.

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Lop. Nothing; but that you may be a happier Batchelour, than my Master may probably be a Married Man.

Car. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, Sir; and I believe he'll say so too in a Twelve-month.

Car. O Torment! — But give me more on't: When, How, to Who, Where?

Lop. Yesterday, to *Leonora*, by the Parson, in the Pantry.

Car. Look to't, if this be false, thy Life shall pay the Torment thou hast given me: Begone!

Lop. With the Body and the Soul o'me. [*Exit Lopez.*

San. Base News, Master.

Car. Now my insulting Rival's Smile speaks out; O cursed, cursed Woman.

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. I'm come in haste to tell you, Sir, that as soon as the Moon's up, my Lady'll give you a Meeting in the Close Walk by the back Door of the Garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you, will certainly get her Father's Consent to marry you.

Car. Past Sufferance; this Aggravation is not to be born; go, thank her — with my Curses: Fly — and let 'em blast her, while their Venom's strong. [*Exit Car.*

Jacin. — Won't thou explain? What's this Storm for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me Questions, smooth-fac'd Iniquity, Crocodile of *Nile*, Syren of the Rocks? Go, carry back the too gentle Answer thou hast receiv'd; only let me add with the Poet,

We are no Fools, Trollop, my Master nor me:

And thy Mistress may go — to the Devil, with thee.

[*Exit Sanco.*

Jacinta sola.

Am I awake? — I fancy not; A very idle Dream this. Well: I'll go talk in my Sleep to my Lady about it; and when I awake, we'll try what Interpretation we can make on't.

[*Exit.*

End of the First Act.

C

A C T.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Ifab. **H**OW can you doubt my Secrecy? Have you not Proofs of it?

Cam. Nay, I am determin'd to trust you; but are we safe here? Can no body over-hear us?

Ifab. Safer much than in a Room: No body can come within hearing, before we see 'em.

Cam. And yet how hard 'tis for me to break Silence?

Ifab. Your Secret sure must be of great Importance.

Cam. You may be sure it is, when I confess, 'tis with Regret I own it ev'n to you, and were it possible you shou'd not know it.

Ifab. 'Tis frankly own'd indeed; but 'tis not kind, perhaps not prudent, after what you know I already am acquainted with. Have I not been bred up with you? And am I ignorant of a Secret, which were it known—

Cam. Wou'd be my Ruin, I confess it wou'd. I own you know why both my Birth and Sex are thus disguis'd; you know how I was taken from my Cradle, to secure the Estate, which had else been lost by Young Camillo's Death: But which is now safe in my suppos'd Father's Hands, by my passing for his Son; and 'tis because you know all this, I have resolv'd to open farther Wonders to you: But before I say any more, you must resolve one Doubt which often gives me great Disturbance; Whether Don Alvarez ever was himself priy to the Mystery which has disguis'd my Sex, and made me pass for his Son?

Ifab. What you ask me, is a Thing has often perplex'd my Thoughts, as well as yours, nor cou'd my Mother ever resolve the Doubt. You know, when that young Child, Camillo dy'd, in whom was wrap'd up so much Expectation, from the great Estate his Uncle's Will (even before he came into the World) had left him; his Mother made a Secret of his Death to her Husband Alvarez, and readily fell in with a Proposal made her, to take you, (who then

then were just *Camillo's* Age) and bring you up in his Room. You have heard how you were then at Nurse with my Mother, and how your own was privy and consenting to the Plot; but *Don Alvarez* was never let into it by 'em.

Cam. Don't you then think it probable, his Wife might after tell him.

Isab. 'Twas ever thought, nothing but a Death-bed Repentance cou'd draw it from her to any One: And that was prevented, by the suddenness of her Exit to t'other World; which did not give her even Time to call Heav'n's Mercy on her. And yet, now I have said all this, I own the Correspondence and Friendship I observe he holds with your real Mother, gives me some Suspicion, and the Presents he often makes her (which People seldom do for nothing) confirm it. But since this is all I can say to you on that Point, pray let us come to the Secret, which you have made me impatient to hear.

Cam. Know then, that tho' *Cupid* is blind, he is not to be deceiv'd; I can hide my Sex from the World, but not from him; his Dart has found the Way through the manly Garb I wear, to pierce a Virgin's tender Heart.—I Love—

Isab. How?

Cam. Nay, be'n't surpriz'd at that, I have other Wonders for you.

Isab. Quick, let me hear 'em.

Cam. I love *Lorenzo*.

Isab. *Lorenzo*! Most nicely hit! The very Man from whom your Imposture keeps this vast Estate; and who on the first Knowledge of your being a Woman wou'd enter into Possession of it. This is indeed a Wonder.

Cam. Then wonder farther still, I am his Wife.

Isab. Ha! His Wife?

Cam. His Wife, *Isabella*; and yet thou hast not all my Wonders, I am his Wife, without his Knowledge; he does not even know I am a Woman.

Isab. Madam, your humble Servant, if you please to go on, I won't interrupt you, indeed I won't.

Cam. Then hear how these strange Things have past: *Lorenzo*, bound unregarded in my Sister's Chains, seem'd

in my Eyes a Conquest worth her Care. Nor cou'd I see him treated with Contempt, without growing warm in his Interest: I blam'd *Leonora*, for not being touch'd with his Merit; I blam'd her so long, 'till I grew touch'd with it my self. And the Reasons I urg'd, to vanquish her Heart, insensibly made a Conquest of my own, 'Twas thus, my Friend, I fell. What was next to be done, my Passion pointed out; my Heart I felt was warm'd to a noble Enterprize, I gave it way, and boldly on it led me. *Leonora's* Name and Voice, in the dark Shades of Night, I borrow'd to engage the Object of my Wishes. I met him, *Isabella*, and so deceiv'd him; he cannot blame me sure, for much I blest him. But to finish this strange Story: In short I own'd I long had lov'd, but finding my Father most adverse to my Desires, I at last had forc'd my self to this secret Correspondence; I urg'd the Mischiefs wou'd attend the knowledge on't, I urg'd 'em so he thought 'em full of Weight, so yielded to observe what Rules I gave him; they were, To pass the Day with cold Indifference, to avoid even Signs or Looks of Intimacy, but gather for the still, the secret Night, a Flood of Love to recompence the Losses of the Day. I will not trouble you with Lovers Cares, nor what Contrivances we form'd to bring this Toying to a solid Bliss. Know only, When three Nights we thus had pass'd, the fourth it was agreed shou'd make us one for ever, each kept their Promise, and last Night has join'd us.

Isab. Indeed your Talents pass my poor Extent; you serious Ladies are well form'd for Business: What wretched work a poor Coquet had made on't? But still there's that remains will try your Skill, you have your Man, but——

Cam. Lovers think no farther, the Object of that Passion possesses all Desire; however I have open'd to you my wondrous Situation, if you can advise me in my Difficulties to come, you will. But see——my Husband.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. You look as if you were busie, pray tell me if I interrupt you? I'll retire.

Cam.

Cam. No, no, you have a Right to interrupt us, since you were the Subject of our Discourse.

Lor. Was I?

Cam. You were: Nay I'll tell you how you entertain'd us too.

Lor. Perhaps I had as good avoid hearing that.

Cam. You need not fear, it was not to your Disadvantage; I was commending you, and saying, if I had been a Woman I had been in danger, nay I think I said I shou'd infallibly have been in Love with you.

Lor. While such an If is in the way you run no great Risque in declaring, but you'd be finely catch'd now shou'd some wonderful Transformation give me a Claim to your Heart.

Cam. Not sorry for't at all, for I ne'er expect to find a Mistress please me half so well as you wou'd do, if I were yours.

Lor. Since you are so well enclin'd to me in your Wishes, Sir, I suppose (as the Fates have ordain'd it) you wou'd have some pleasure in helping me to a Mistress, since you can't be mine your self.

Cam. Indeed I shou'd not.

Lor. Then my Obligation is but small to you.

Cam. Why, wou'd you have a Woman that is in Love with you her self, employ her Interest to help you to another?

Lor. No; but you being no Woman might.

Cam. Sir, 'tis as a Woman I say what I do, and I suppose my self a Woman, when I design all these Favours to you. Therefore out of that Supposition, I have no other good Intentions to you than you may expect, from any one that says, he's—Sir, your humble Servant.

Lor. So unless Heav'n is pleas'd to work a Miracle, and from a sturdy young Fellow, make you a kind-hearted young Lady, I'm to get little by your good Opinion of me.

Cam. Yes, there is one Means yet left, (on this Side a Miracle) that wou'd perhaps engage me, if with an honest Oath you cou'd declare, Were I Woman I might dispute your Heart, even with the first of my pretending Sex.

Lor.

Lor. Then solemnly and honestly I swear, That had you been a Woman, and I the Master of the World, I think I shou'd have laid it at your Feet.

Cam. Then honestly and solemnly I swear, henceforwards all your Interest shall be mine.

Lor. I have a Secret to impart to you will quickly try your Friendship.

Cam. I have a Secret to unfold to you, will put you even to a fiery Trial.

Lor. What do you mean, *Camillo*?

Cam. I mean that I love, where I never durst yet own it, yet where 'tis in your Power to make me the happiest of——

Lor. Explain, *Camillo*; and be assur'd, if your Happiness is in my Power, 'tis in your own?

Cam. Alas! you promise me, you know not what.

Lor. I promise nothing, but what I will perform; name the Person.

Cam. 'Tis one who's very near to you.

Lor. If 'tis my Sister, why all this Pain in bringing forth the Secret?

Cam. Alas! It is your——

Lor. Speak!

Cam. I cannot yet: Farewel.

Lor. Hold! Pray speak it now.

Cam. I must not: But when you tell me your Secret, you shall know mine.

Lor. Mine is not in my Power, without the Consent of another.

Cam. Get that Consent, and then we'll try who best will keep their Oaths.

Lor. I am Content.

Cam. And I: Adieu.

Lor. Farewel.

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Leon. 'Tis enough: I will Revenge my self this Way; if it does but torment him, I shall be content to find no other Pleasure in it. Brother, you'll wonder at my Change; after all my ill Usage of *Lorenzo*, I am determin'd to be his Wife.

Cam.

Cam. How, Sister? So sudden a Turn? This Inequality of Temper indeed is not commendable.

Leon. Your Change, Brother, is much more justly surprizing; you hitherto have pleaded for him strongly, accus'd me of Blindness, Cruelty and Pride; and now I yield to your Reasons, and resolve in his Favour, you blame my Compliance, and appear against his Interest.

Cam. I quit his Service; for what's dearer to me, yours: I have learn'd from sure Intelligence, the Attack he made on you was but a Feint, and that his Heart is in another's Chain; I wou'd not therefore see you so expos'd, to offer up your self to one who must refuse you.

Leon. If that be all, leave me my Honour to take care of; I am no Stranger to his Wishes, he won't refuse me, Brother, nor I hope will you, to tell him of my Resolution; if you do, this Moment with my own Tongue (through all a Virgin's Blushes) I'll own to him I am determin'd in his Favour.—You pause as if you'd let the Task lie on me.

Cam. Neither on you, nor me; I have a Reason you are yet a Stranger to: Know then, there is a Virgin, young and tender, whose Peace and Happiness so much are mine I cannot see her Miserable; she loves him with that Torrent of Desire, that were the World resign'd her in his stead she'd still be wretched; I will not picque you to a Female Strife, by saying you have not Charms to tear him from her, but I would move you to a Female Softness, by telling you, her Death wou'd wait your Conquest: What I have more to plead, is as a Brother, I hope that gives me some small Interest in you; whate'er it is, you see how I'd employ it.

Leon. You ne'er cou'd put it to a harder Service. I beg a little Time to think: Pray leave me to my self a while.

Cam. I shall; I only ask that you wou'd think, and then you won't refuse me. *[Exit Camillo.]*

Jacin. Indeed, Madam, I'm of your Brother's Mind, tho' for another Cause; but sure 'tis worth thinking twice on for your own sake: You are too Violent.

Leon. A flighted Woman knows no Bounds. Vengeance

is all the Cordial she can have, so snatches at the nearest. Ungrateful Wretch! to use me with such Insolence,

Jacin. You see me as much enrag'd at it, as you are your self, yet my Brain is roving after the Cause, for something there must be; never Letter was receiv'd by Man, with more Passion and Transport; I was almost as charming a Goddess as your self, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a Moment after I come with a Message worth a dozen on't, never was Witch so handled; something must have pass'd between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leon. Nothing cou'd pass worth my enquiring after, since nothing cou'd happen that can excuse his Usage of me; he had a Letter under my Hand which own'd him Master of my Heart; and 'till I contradicted it with my Mouth, he ought not to doubt the Truth on't.

Jacin. Nay I confess, Madam, I han't a Word to say for him, I'm afraid he's but a Rogue at Bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit by my Troth, and haply well enough serv'd, for list'ning to the glib Tongues of the Rascals: But be comforted, Madam; they'll fall into the Hands of some foul Sluts or other, before they dye, that will set our Account even with 'em.

Leon. Well: Let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: He shall see I have a Spirit can use him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one Thing be your Comfort by the way Madam, that in spite of all your dear Affections to him, you have had the Grace to keep him at Arms end. You han't thank'd me for't; but good Faith 'twas well I did not stir out of the Chamber that fond Night. For there are Times the stoutest of us are in Danger, the Rascals wheedle so.

Leon. In short, my very Soul is fir'd with this Treatment, and if ever that perfidious Monster should relent, tho' he shou'd crawl like a poor Worm beneath my Feet, nay plunge a Dagger in his Heart, to bleed for Pardon; I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy Life, thou do not urge a Look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave Resentment; and if thou see'st (which Heav'n's avert) a Glance of Weakness in me, rouse to my Memory

mory the vile Wrongs I've born, and blazon 'em with Skill
in all their glaring Colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I'm charg'd to the
Mouth with Fury, and if ever I meet that Fat Traytor of
mine, such a Volley will I pour about his Ears—Now
Heav'n prevent all hasty Vows; but in the Humour I am,
methinks I'd carry my Maiden-Head to my cold Grave
with me, before I'd let it simper at the Rascal. But seft;
here comes your Father.

Enter Alvarez.

Alv. *Leonora*, I'd have you retire a little, and send your
Brother's Tutor to me, *Metaphraftus*. [*Exit Leo. and Ja.*

Solus.

I'll try if I can discover, by his Tutor, what 'tis that seems
so much to work his Brain of late, for something more than
common there plainly does appear, yet nothing sure that can
disturb his Soul, like what I have to torture mine on his
Account. Sure nothing in this World is worth a troubled
Mind: What Wracks has Avarice stretch'd me on; I wanted
nothing, kind Heav'n had given me a plenteous Lot, and
seated me in great Abundance; why then approve I of this
Imposture? What have I gain'd by it? Wealth and Misery;
I have barter'd peaceful Days for restless Nights; a wretched
Bargain! and he that Merchandizes thus, must be undone
at last.

Enter Metaphraftus.

Metaph. *Mandatum tuum, curo diligenter.*

Alv. Master, I had a Mind to ask you——

Metaph. The Title, Master, comes from *Magis* and *Ter*,
which is as much as to say, *Thrice worthy*.

Alv. I never heard so much before, but it may be true
for ought I know: But, Master,——

D

Metaph.

Metaph. Go on.

Alv. Why so I will if you'll let me, but don't interrupt me then.

Metaph. Enough, proceed.

Alv. Why then, Master, for the Third time, my Son *Camillo* gives me much uneasiness of late; you know I love him, and have many careful Thoughts about him.

Metaph. 'Tis true. *Fillio, non potest praeferni, nisi Filius.*

Alv. Master, when one has Business to talk on, these Scholastick Expressions are not of use; I believe you a great Latinist; possibly you may understand *Greek*; those who recommended you to me said so, and I am willing it should be true: But the thing I want to discourse you about at present, does not properly give you an Occasion to display your Learning. Besides, to tell you Truth, 'twill at all times be lost upon me; my Father was a wise Man, but he taught me nothing beyond common Sense; I know but one Tongue in the World, which luckily being understood by you as well as me, I fancy whatever Thoughts we have to Communicate to one another, may reasonably be convey'd in that, without having Recourse to the Language of *Julius Caesar*.

Metaph. You are wrong, but may proceed.

Alv. I thank you: What is the matter I do not know, but tho' it is of the utmost Consequence to me to marry my Son, what March soever I propose to him, he still finds some Pretext or other to decline it.

Metaph. He is, perhaps, of the Humour of a Brother of *Marcus Tullius*, who ———

Alv. Dear Master, leave the *Greeks*, and the *Latins*, and the *Scotch*, and the *Welsh*, and let me go on in my Business; what have those People to do with my Son's Marriage?

Metaph. Again you are wrong; but go on.

Alv. I say then, that I have strong Apprehensions from his refusing all my Proposals, that he may have some secret Inclination of his own; and to confirm me in this Fear, I yesterday observ'd him (without his knowing it) in a Corner of the Grove, where no Body comes ———

Metaph.

Metaph. A Place out of the way, you would say; a Place of Retreat.

Alv. Why, the Corner of the Grove, where no Body comes, is a Place of Retreat; is it not?

Metaph. In *Latin*, *Secessus*.

Alv. Ha?

Metaph. As *Virgil* has it, *Est in Secessu Locus*.

Alv. How could *Virgil* have it, when I tell you no Soul was there but he and I.

Metaph. *Virgil* is a famous Author, I quote his Saying as a Phrase more proper to the Occasion than that you use, and not as one who was in the Wood with you.

Alv. And I tell you, I hope to be as famous as any *Virgil* of 'em all, when I have been dead as long, and have no need of a better Phrase than my own to tell you my Meaning.

Metaph. You ought however to make Choice of the Words most us'd by the best Authors. *Tu vivendo bonos*, as they say, *Scribendo sequare peritos*.

Alv. Again? —

Metaph. 'Tis *Quintilien's* own Precept.

Alv. Oons —

Metaph. And he has something very learned upon it, that may be of Service to you to hear.

Alv. You Son of a Whore, will you hear me speak?

Metaph. What may be the Occasion of this unmanly Passion? What is it you would have with me?

Alv. What you might have known an Hour ago, if you had pleas'd.

Metaph. You would then have me hold my Peace — I shall.

Alv. You will do very well.

Metaph. You see I do well; go on.

Alv. Why then, to begin once again, I say my Son *Camillo* —

Metaph. Proceed; I shan't interrupt you.

Alv. I say, my Son *Camillo* —

Metaph. What is it you say of your Son *Camillo*?

The Mistake.

Alv. That he has got a Dog of a Tutor, whose Brains I'll beat out, if he won't hear me speak.

Metaph. That Dog is a Philosopher, contemns Passion, and yet will hear you.

Alv. I don't believe a Word on't, but I'll try once again; I have a Mind to know from you, whether you have observ'd any thing in my Son.—

Metaph. Nothing that is like his Father. Go on.

Alv. Have a care.

Metaph. I do not interrupt you; but you are long in coming to a Conclusion.

Alv. Why thou hast not let me begin yet.

Metaph. And yet it is high time to have made an end.

Alv. Dost thou know thy Danger? I have not — thus much Patience left. [*Shewing the End of his Finger.*]

Metaph. Mine is already consum'd. I do not use to be thus treated; my Profession is to teach, and not to hear, yet I have harken'd like a School-Boy, and am not heard, altho' a Master.

Alv. Get out of the Room.

Metaph. I will not. If the Mouth of a Wise Man be shut, he is, as it were, a Fool; for who shall know his Understanding; therefore a certain Philosopher said well, Speak, that thou may'st be known; great Talkers, without Knowledge, are as the Winds that whistle; but they who have Learning should speak aloud. If this be not permitted, we may expect to see the whole Order of Nature o'erthrown; Hens devour Foxes, and Lambs destroy Wolves, Nurses Suck Children, and Children give Suck; Generals mend Stockings, and Chambermaids take Towns; we may expect, I say——

Alv. That, and that, and that, and——

[*Strikes him, and kicks him; then follows him off with a Bell at his Ear.*]

Metaph. O Tempore! O Mores!

End of the Second Act.

A C T .

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Sometimes Fortune seconds a bold Design, and when Folly has brought us into a Trap, Impudence brings us out on't. I have been caught by this hot-headed Lover here, and have told like a Puppy what I shall be beaten for like a Dog. Come! Courage, my dear *Lopez*; Fire will fetch out Fire: Thou hast told one Body thy Master's Secret, e'en tell it to half a Dozen more, and try how that will thrive; go tell it to the Two old Dons, the Lovers Fathers. The Thing's done, and can't be retriev'd; perhaps they'll lay their two ancient Heads together, club a Pennyworth of Wisdom a-piece, and with great Penetration at last find out, that 'tis best to submit, where 'tis not in their Power to do otherwise. This being resolv'd, there's no Time to be lost. [*Knocks at Alvarez's Door.*

Alv. Who knocks?

[*Within.*

Lop. *Lopez.*

Alv. What dost want?

[*Looking out.*

Lop. To bid you good Morrow, Sir.

Alv. Well, good Morrow to thee again.

[*Retires.*

Lop. What a—— I think he does not care for my Company. [*Knocks again.*

Alv. Who knocks?

Lop. *Lopez.*

Alv. What wouldst have?

[*Looking out.*

Lop. My old Master, Sir, gives his Service to you, and desires to know how you do.

Alv. How I do? Why, well; how should I do? Service to him again. [*Retires.*

Lop. Sir.

Alv. returning.] What the deuce wouldst thou have with me? with thy good Morrows, and thy Services?

Lop.

Lop. This Man does not understand good Breeding, I find.
[Aside.] Why Sir, my Master has some very earnest Business with you.

Alv. Business? About what? What Business can he have with me?

Lop. I don't know truly; but 'tis some very important Matter: He has just now (as I hear) discover'd some great Secret, which he must needs talk with you about.

Alv. Ha? a Secret, say'st thou?

Lop. Yes; and bid me bring him word, if you were at home, he'd be with you presently. Sir, your humble Servant.

[Exit Lopez.]

Alvarez solus.

A Secret; and must speak with me about it! Heav'ns, how I tremble! What can this Message mean? I have very little Acquaintance with him, what Business can he have with me? An important Secret 'twas, he said, and that he had just discover'd it. Alas, I have in the World but One, if it be that,—I'm lost; an eternal Blot must fix upon me. How unfortunate am I, that I have not follow'd the honest Councils of my Heart, which have often urg'd me to set my Conscience at Ease, by rendring to him the Estate that is his due, and which by a foul Imposture I keep from him: But 'tis now too late; my Villany is out, and I shall not only be forc'd with Shame to restore him what is his, but shall be perhaps condemn'd to make him Reparation with my own. O terrible View!

Enter Don Felix.

D. Felix. My Son to go and marry her, without her Father's Knowledge? this can never end well. I don't know what to do, he'll conclude I was privy to it, and his Power and Interest are so great at Court he may with ease contrive my Ruin: I tremble at his sending to speak with me.——
 Mercy on me, there he is.

[Aside.]
Alv.

The Mistake.

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Alv. Ah! Shield me, kind Heav'n! There's Don *Felix* come: How I am struck with the Sight of him! O the Torment of a guilty Mind!

D. Felix. What shall I say to soften him?

Alv. How shall I look him in the Face?

D. Felix. 'Tis impossible he can forgive it.

Alv. To be sure he'll expose me to the whole World.

D. Felix. I see his Countenance change.

Alv. With what Contempt he looks upon me?

D. Felix. I see, Don *Alvarez*, by the Disorder of your Face, you are but too well inform'd of what brings me here.

Alv. 'Tis true.

D. Felix. The News may well surprize you, 'tis what I have been far from apprehending.

Alv. Wrong, very wrong indeed.

D. Felix. The Action is certainly to the last Point to be condemn'd, and I think no body should pretend to excuse the Guilty.

Alv. They are not to be excus'd; tho' Heav'n may have Mercy.

D. Felix. That's what I hope you will consider.

Alv. We should act as Christians.

D. Felix. Most certainly.

Alv. Let Mercy then prevail.

D. Felix. It is indeed of heav'nly Birth.

Alv. Generous Don *Felix*.

D. Felix. Too indulgent *Alvarez*.

Alv. I thank you on my Knee.

D. Felix. 'Tis I ought to have been there first. [*They kneel.*]

Alv. Is it then possible we are Friends?

D. Felix. Embrace me to confirm it. [*They embrace.*]

Alv. Thou best of Men.

D. Felix. Unlook'd for Bounty.

Alv. Did you know the Torment [*rising.*] this unhappy Action has given me,—

D. Felix. 'Tis impossible it could do otherwise; nor has my Trouble been less.

Alv. But let my Misfortune be kept secret.

D. Felix.

D. Felix. Most willingly; my Advantage is sufficient by it, without the Vanity of making it publick to the World.

Alv. Incomparable Goodness! That I should thus have wrong'd a Man so worthy! [*Aside.*] My Honour then is safe?

D. Felix. For ever, even for ever let it be a Secret, I am content.

Alv. Noble Gentleman. [*Aside.*] As to what Advantages ought to accrue to you by it, it shall be all to your entire Satisfaction.

D. Felix. Wonderful Bounty! [*Aside.*] As to that, Don *Alvarez*, I leave it entirely to you, and shall be content with whatever you think reasonable.

Alv. I thank you, from my Soul I must, you know I must. This must be an Angel, not a Man. [*Aside.*]

D. Felix. The Thanks lye on my Side, *Alvarez*, for this unexpected Generosity; but may all Faults be forgot, and Heav'n ever prosper you.

Alv. The same Prayer, I, with a double Fervour, offer up for you.

D. Felix. Let us then once more embrace, and be Forgiveness seal'd for ever.

Alv. Agreed; thou best of Men, agreed. [*They embrace.*]

D. Felix. This Thing then being thus happily terminated, let me own to you, Don *Alvarez*, I was in extream Apprehensions of your utmost Resentment on this Occasion, for I could not doubt but you had form'd more happy Views, in the Disposal of so fair a Daughter as *Leonora*, than my poor Son's inferior Fortune e'er can answer; but since they are join'd, and that——

Alv. Ha?

D. Felix. Nay, 'tis very likely to discourse of it may not be very pleasing to you, tho' your Christianity and natural Goodness have prevail'd on you so generously to forgive it. But to do Justice to *Leonora*, and skreen her from your too harsh Opinion in this unlucky Action, 'twas that cunning wicked Creature that attends her, who by unusual Arts wrought her to this Breach of Duty, for her own Inclinations

ons

ons were dispos'd to all the Modesty and Resignation a Father could ask from a Daughter; my Son I can't excuse, but since your Bounty does so, I hope you'll quite forget the Fault of the less guilty *Leonora*.

Alv. What a Mistake have I lain under here! And from a groundless Apprehension of one Misfortune, find myself in the Certainty of another. [Aside.]

D. Felix. He looks disturb'd; what can this mean?

[Aside.]
Alv. My Daughter marry'd to his Son? — Confusion. But I find my self in such unruly Agitation, something wrong may happen if I continue with him; I'll therefore leave him. [Aside.]

D. Felix. You seem thoughtful, Sir, I hope there's no—

Alv. A sudden Disorder I am seiz'd with; you'll pardon me, I must retire. [Exit Alvarez.]

Don Felix solus.

I don't like this: — He went odly off. — I doubt he finds this Bounty difficult to go thorough with. His natural Resentment is making an Attack upon his acquir'd Generosity: Pray Heav'n it ben't too strong for't. The Misfortune is a great one, and can't but touch him nearly. It was not natural to be so calm: I wish it don't yet drive him to my Ruin. But here comes this young hot-brain'd Coxcomb, who with his Midnight Amours has been the Cause of all this Mischief to me.

Enter Lorenzo.

So, Sir, are you come to receive my Thanks for your noble Exploit? You think you have done bravely now, ungracious Off-spring, to bring perpetual Troubles on me. Must there never pass a Day, but I must drink some bitter Potion or other of your Preparation for me?

Lor. I am amaz'd, Sir; pray what have I done to deserve your Anger?

E

D. Felix.

D. Felix. Nothing; no manner of Thing in the World, nor never do. I am an old testy Fellow, and am always scolding, and finding Fault for nothing; complaining that I have got a Coxcomb of a Son that makes me weary of my Life, fancying he perverts the Order of Nature, turning Day into Night, and Night into Day; getting Whims in my Brain, that he consumes his Life in Idleness, unless he rouses now and then to do some noble Stroke of Mischief, and having an impertinent Dream at this time, that he has been making the Fortune of the Family, by an un-her-hand Marriage with the Daughter of a Man who will crush us all to Powder for it. Ah—ungracious Wretch; to bring an old Man into all this Trouble: The Pain thou gav'st thy Mother to bring thee into the World, and the Plague thou hast given me to keep thee here, make the Getting thee (tho' 'twas in our Hony-Moon) a bitter Remembrance to us both. [Exit D. Felix.]

Lorenzo solus.

So——all's out——Here's a noble Storm arising, and I'm at Sea in a Cock-boat. But which way could this Business reach him? By this Traitor *Lopez*; it must be so, it could be no other Way; for only he, and the Priest that marry'd us, know of it. The Villain will never confess tho', I must try a little Address with him, and conceal my Anger. O, here he comes.

Enter Lopez.

Lor. Lopez.

Lop. Do you call, Sir?

Lor. I find all's discover'd to my Father; the Secret's out; he knows my Marriage.

Lop. He knows your Marriage? How the Pest should that happen? Sir, 'tis impossible; that's all.

Lor. I tell thee 'tis true; he knows every Particular of it.

Lop.

Lop. He does? — Why then, Sir, all I can say is, That Satan and he are better acquainted than the Devil and a good Christian ought to be.

Lor. Which Way he has discover'd it I can't tell, nor am I much concern'd to know, since beyond all my Expectations, I find him perfectly easie at it, and ready to excuse my Fault with better Reasons than I can find to do it my self.

Lop. Say you so? — I'm very glad to hear that, then all's safe.

Lor. 'Tis unexpected good Fortune, but it could never proceed purely from his own Temper, there must have been Pains taken with him to bring him to this Calm: I'm sure I owe much to the Bounty of some Friend or other; I wish I knew where my Obligation lay, that I might acknowledge it as I ought.

Lop. Are you thereabouts, I-faith: Then Sharp's the Word; I-gad I'll own the Thing, and receive his Bounty for't. [*Aside.*] Why, Sir, — not that I pretend to make a Merit o' the Matter, for alas, I am but your poor Hireling, and therefore bound in Duty to render you all the Service I can. — But — 'tis I have don't.

Lor. what hast thou done?

Lop. What no Man else could have done; the Job, Sir; told him the Secret, and then talk'd him into a Liking on't.

Lor. 'Tis impossible; thou dost not tell me true.

Lop. Sir, I scorn to reap any thing from another Man's Labours, but if this poor piece of Service carries any Merit with it, you now know where to reward it.

Lor. Thou art not serious.

Lop. I am; or may Hunger be my Mess-mate.

Lor. And may Famine be mine, if I don't reward thee for't, as thou deserv'st. — Dead.

[*Making a Pass at him.*

Lop. Have a Care there, [*Leaping on one side.*] What do you mean, Sir? I bar all Surprize.

Lor. Traitor, is this the fruit of the Trust I plac'd in thee——Villain? [*Making another Thrust at him.*]

Lop. Take heed, Sir; you'll do one a Mischief before y'are aware.

Lor. What Recompence canst thou make me, Wretch, for this Piece of Treachery? Thy sordid Blood can't expiate the Thousandth——But I'll have it however.

[*Thrusts again.*]

Lop. Look you there again: Pray Sir, be quiet; is the Devil in you? 'Tis bad jesting with edg'd Tools. I-gad that last Push was within an Inch o'me. I don't know what you make all this Bustle about, but I'm sure I've done all for the best, and I believe 'twill prove for the best too at last, if you'll have but a little Patience. But if Gentlemen will be in their Airs in a Moment——Why, what the deuce——I'm sure I have been as eloquent as *Cicero* in your Behalf; and I don't doubt to good Purpose too, if you'll give Things time to work. But nothing but foul Language, and naked Swords about the House, fa, fa; run you through, you Dog: Why no body can do Business at this Rate.

Lor. And suppose your Project fail, and I'm ruin'd by't, Sir.

Lop. Why, 'twill be time enough to kill me then, Sir; won't it? What should you do it for now? Besides, I an't ready, I'm not prepar'd, I might be undone by't.

Lor. But what will *Leonora* say to her Marriage being known, Wretch?

Lop. Why may be she'll draw——her Sword too. [*Shewing his Tongue.*] but all shall be well with you both, if you will but let me alone.

Lor. Peace; here's her Father.

Lop. That's well: We shall see how Things go presently.

Enter Don Alvarez.

Alv. The more I recover from the Disorder this Discourse has put me in, the more strange the whole Adventure

ture appears to me. *Leonora* maintains there is not a Word of Truth in what I have heard; that she knows nothing of Marriage: And indeed she tells me this with such a naked Air of Sincerity; that for my part I believe her. What then must be their Project? Some villainous Intention, to be sure; tho' which Way, I yet am ignorant. But here's the Bridegroom; I'll accost him.—— I am told, Sir, you take upon you to scandalize my Daughter, and tell idle Tales of what can never happen.

Lop. Now methinks, Sir, if you treated your Son-in-Law with a little more Civility, things might go just as well in the main.

Alv. What means this insolent Fellow by my Son-in-Law? I suppose 'tis you, Villain, are the Author of this impudent Story.

Lop. You seem angry, Sir, —— perhaps without Cause.

Alv. Cause, Traitor! Is a Cause wanting where a Daughter's defam'd, and a Noble Family scandaliz'd?

Lor. There he is; let him answer you.

Alv. I should be glad he'd answer me; why, if he had any Desires to my Daughter, he did not make his Approaches like a Man of Honour.

Lop. Yes; and so have had the Doors bolted against him, like a House-Breaker. [Aside.

Lor. Sir, to justify my Proceeding, I have little to say, but to excuse it I have much, if any Allowance may be made to a Passion, which in your Youth you have your self been sway'd by; I love your Daughter to that excess——

Alv. You would undo her for a Night's Lodging.

Lor. Undo her, Sir?——

Alv. Yes, that's the Word; you knew it was against her Interest to marry you, therefore you endeavour'd to win her to't in private; you knew her Friends would make a better Bargain for her, therefore you kept your Designs from their Knowledge; and yet you love her to that excess——

Lor.

Lor. I'd readily lay down my Life to serve her.

Alv. Could you readily lay down Fifty Thousand Pistoles to serve her, your excessive Love would come with better Credentials; an Offer of Life is very proper for the Attack of a Counterscarp, but a Thousand Ducats will sooner carry a Lady's Heart; you are a young Man, but will learn this when you are older.

Lop. But since things have succeeded better this once, Sir, and that my Master will prove a most incomparable good Husband, (for that he'll do, I'll answer for him) and that 'tis too late to recal what's already done, Sir,—

Alv. What's done, Villain?

Lop. Sir, I mean, that since my Master and my Lady are marry'd, and ———

Alv. Thou ly'st; they are not marry'd.

Lop. Sir! ——— I say, that since they are marry'd, and that they love each other so passing dearly, indeed I fancy that ———

Alv. Why, this Impudence is beyond all bearing: Sir, do you put your Rascal upon this?

Lor. Sir, I am in a Wood; I don't know what it is you mean.

Alv. And I am in a Plain, Sir, and think I may be understood; Do you pretend you are marry'd to my Daughter?

Lor. Sir, 'tis my Happiness on one side, as it is my Misfortune on another.

Alv. And you do think this idle Project can succeed; you do believe your affirming you are marry'd to her will induce both her and me to consent it shall be so?

Lop. Sir, I see you make my Master almost out of his Wits to hear you talk so; but I, who am but a Stander by now, as I was at the Wedding, have mine about me, and desire to know, Whether you think this Project can succeed? Do you believe your affirming they are not marry'd, will induce both him and I to give up the Lady? One short Question to bring this Matter to an Issue, Why do you think they are not marry'd?

Alv?

Alv. Because she utterly renounces it.

Lop. And so she will her Religion, if you attack it with that dreadful Face. D'ye hear, Sir? the poor Lady is in Love heartily, and I wish all poor Ladies that are so, would dispose of themselves so well as she has done; but you scare her out of her Senses; bring her here into the Room, speak gently to her, 'tell her you know the thing is done, that you have it from a Man of Honour, Me. That may be you with it had been otherwise, but are a Christian, and profess Mercy, and therefore have resolv'd to pardon her: Say this, and I shall appear a Man of Reputation, and have Satisfaction made me.

Alv. Or an impudent Rogue, and have all your Bones broke.

Lop. Content.

Alv. Agreed. *Leonora*; who's there; call *Leonora*.

Lop. All will go rarely, Sir; we shall have shot the Gulf in a Moment.

[*Aside to Lorenzo.*

Enter Leonora.

Alv. Come hither, *Leonora*.

Lop. So, now we shall see.

Alv. I call'd you to answer for your self; here's a strong Claim upon you; if there be any thing in the pretended Title conceal it no farther, it must be known at last, it may as well be so now. Nothing is so uneasy as Uncertainty. I would therefore be gladly freed from it; if you have done what I am told you have, 'tis a great Fault indeed; but as I fear 'twill carry much of its Punishment along with it, I shall rather reduce my Resentment into mourning your Misfortune, than suffer it to add to your Affliction, therefore speak the Truth.

Lop. Well, this is fair Play; now I speak, Sir; You see, fair Lady, the Goodness of a tender Father, nothing need therefore hinder you from owning a most loving Husband. We had like to have been altogether by the Ears about this

this Business, and Pails of Blood were ready to run about the House, but, thank Heav'n; the Sun shines out again, and one Word from your sweet Mouth makes fair Weather for ever. My Master has been forc'd to own your Marriage, he begs you'll do so too.

Leon. What does this impudent Rascal mean?

Lop. Ha! — Madam!

Leon. Sir, I should be very glad to know, [*To Lorenzo.* what can have been th' Occasion of this wild Report; sure you cannot be your self a Party in it?

Lop. He, he —

Lor. Forgive me, dear *Leonora*, I know you had strong Reasons for the Secret being longer kept; but 'tis not my Fault, our Marriage is disclos'd.

Leon. Our Marriage, Sir! —

Lor. 'Tis known, my Dear, tho' much against my Will; but since it is so, 'twould be in vain for us to deny it longer.

Leon. Then, Sir, I am your Wife? I fell in Love with you, and marry'd you without my Father's Knowledge?

Lor. I dare not be so vain to think 'twas Love; I humbly am content to owe the Blessing to your Generosity; you saw the Pains I suffer'd for your sake, and in Compassion eas'd 'em.

Leon. I did, Sir? Sure this exceeds all Human Impudence.

Lop. Truly, I think it does. She'd make an incomparable Actress. [*Aside.*

Lor. I begin to be surpriz'd, Madam, at your carrying this thing so far; you see there's no Occasion for it, and for the Discovery, I have already told you 'twas not my Fault.

Lop. My Master's? no, 'twas I did it: Why what a Bustle's here? I knew things would go well, and so they do, if Folks would let 'em. But if Ladies will be in their Merriments, when Gentlemen are upon serious Business, why what a deus can one say to 'em.

Leon.

Leon. I see this Fellow is to be an Evidence in your Plot, where you hope to drive it is hard to guess: For if any thing can exceed its Impudence; it is its Folly. A Noble Stragem indeed, to win a Lady by; I cou'd be diverted with it, but that I see a Face of Villany requires a rougher Treatment: I cou'd almost methinks forget my Sex, and be my own Avenger.

Lor. Madam; I am surpriz'd beyond all —

Lop. Pray Sir, let me come to her; you are so surpriz'd, you'll make nothing on't: She wants a little snubbing. Look you, Madam; I have seen many a pleasant Humour amongst Ladies, but you out-cut 'em all. Here's Contradiction with a Vengeance; you han't been Marry'd eight and forty Hours, and you are Slap — at your Husband's Beard already: Why, do you consider who he is? — Who this Gentleman is? — And what he can do — by Law? Why, he can Lock you up — Knock you down — tyo you Neck and Heels. —

Lor. Forbear, you Insolent Villain you.

[Offering to strike him.]

Leon. That; — for what's past however.

[Giving him a Box o'th' Ear.]

Lop. I think — she gave me a Box o'th' Ear; ha!

[Exit Leonora.]

Sir, will you suffer your old Servants to be us'd thus by new Commers? It's a shame, a meer shame: Sir, will you take a poor Dog's Advice for once. She denies she's Marry'd to you: Take her at her Word; you have seen some of her Humours, — let her go.

Alv. Well, Gentlemen; thus far you see I have heard all with Patience; have you Content? Or how much farther do you design to go with this Bus'ness?

Lop. Why truly Sir, I think we are near at a stand.

Alv. 'Tis time, you Villain you.

Lop. Why and I am a Villain now, if every Word I've spoke, be not as true as — as the Gazette: And your

Daughter's no better than a—a—a whimsical young Woman, for making Disputes among Gentlemen. And if every Body had their Deserts; she'd have a good—I won't speak it out to enflame Reckonings; but let her go, Master.

Alv. Sir, I don't think it well, to spend any more Words with your Impudent and Villainous Servant, here.

Lop. Thank you Sir. But I'd let her go.

Alv. Nor have I more to say to you, than this: That you must not think, so daring an Affront to my Family can go long unresented: Farewel. [*Exit Alvarez.*]

Lor. Well Sir, what have you to say for your self now?

Lop. Why Sir, I have only to say, that I am a very unfortunate——Middle-ag'd Man; and that I believe all the Stars upon Heav'n and Earth have been concern'd in my Destiny. Children now unborn, will hereafter sing my Downfall, in mournful Lines, and Notes of doleful Tune: I am at present troubled in Mind; Despair around me, signified in appearing Gibbets, with a great Bundle of Dog Whips, by Way of Preparation.

I therefore will go seek some Mountain high,

If high enough some Mountain may be found;

With distant Valley, dreadfully profound,

And from the horrid Cliff——Look calmly all around: }
Farewel. } [*Aside.*]

Lor. No, Sirrah: I'll see your wretched End my self; die here, Villain; [*Drawing his Sword.*]

Lop. I can't Sir, if any Body looks upon me.

Lor. Away, you trifling Wretch; but think not to escape, for thou shalt have thy Recompence. [*Exit Lorenzo.*]

Solus.

Lop. Why what a Mischeivous Jade is this, to make such an Uproar in a Family the first Day of her Marriage? Why my Master won't so much as get a Honey-Moon out of

The Mistake.

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of her; I-Gad I'd let her go. If she be thus in her soft and tender Youth, she'll be rare Company at Threescore: Well; he may do as he pleases, but were she my Dear I'd let go.—Such a Foot at her Tail, I'd make the Truth bounce out at her Mouth, like a Pellet out of a Pot-gun.

[*Exit.*

End of the Third Act.

F 2

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I

*Enter Camillo and Isabella.**Isab.* **T**IS an unlucky Accident indeed.

Cam. Ah! *Isabella*; Fate has now determin'd my Undoing. This Thing can ne'er end here, *Leonora* and *Lorenzo* must soon come to some Explanation; the Dispute is too Monstrous to pass over, without further Enquiry, which must discover all; and what will be the Consequence I tremble at; for whether Don *Alvarez* knows of the Imposture, or whether he is deceiv'd with the rest of the World, when once it breaks out, and that the Consequence is the Loss of that great Wealth he now enjoys by it, What must become of me? All Paternal Affections then must cease; and regarding me as an unhappy Instrument in the Trouble which will then o'er load him, he will return me to my humble Birth, and then I'm lost for ever. For what, alas! will the deceiv'd *Lorenzo* say? A Wife with neither Fortune, Birth nor Beauty; instead of one most plenteously endow'd with all. Oh Heavns! What a Sea of Misery I have before me.

Isab. Indeed you reason right, but these Reflections are ill-tim'd; why did you not employ 'em sooner?

Cam. Because I lov'd.

Isab. And don't you do so now?

Cam. I do, and therefore 'tis I make these cruel just Reflections.

Isab. So that Love, I find, can do any thing.

Cam. Indeed it can: Its Powers are wondrous great; its Pains no Tongue can tell, its Bliss no Heart conceive, Crowns cannot recompence its Torments, Heav'n scarce supply its Joys. My Stake is of this value: O counsel me how I shall save it.

Isab. Alas, that Council's much beyond my Wisdom's Force, I see no Way to help you.

Cam.

Cam. And yet 'tis sure there's one.

Isab. What?

Cam. Death.

Isab. There possibly may be another; I have a Thought this moment——perhaps there's nothing in't; yet a small Passage comes to my Remembrance that I regarded little when it happen'd——I'll go and search for one may be of Service. But hold; I see Don *Carlos*: He'll but disturb us now, let us avoid him.

[*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*]

Enter Don Carlos and Sancho.

Car. Repuls'd again? This is not to be born. What tho' this Villain's Story be a Falsehood, was I to' blame to harken to it? This Usage cannot be supported: How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was Ambassador worse receiv'd: Madam, my Master asks Ten Thousand Pardons, and humbly begs one Moment's Interview:——Begon, you Rascal you. Madam, what Answer shall I give my Master?——Tell him he's a Villain. Indeed, fair Lady, I think this is hasty Treatment.—Here, my Footmen, toss me this Fellow out at the Window; and away she went to her Devotions.

Car. Did you see *Jacinta*?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score Rogues and Rascals too. I think our Destinies are much alike, Sir: And o' my Conscience, a couple of scurvy Jades we are hamper'd with.

Car. Ungrateful Woman, to receive with such Contempt so quick a Return of a Heart so justly alarm'd.

San. Ha, a, a.

Car. What, no Allowance to be made to the first Transports of a Lover's Fury? when rouz'd by so dreadful an Appearance? As just as my Suspicions were, have I long suffer'd 'em to Arrain her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for Oaths or Imprecations to clear her?

San.

San. No.

Car. Nay even now; Is not the whole World still in suspense about her? whilst I alone conclude her Innocent.

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, through this profound Respect, observe a Flame another wou'd have cherish'd; she might support me against groundless Fears, and save me from a Rival's Tyranny; she might release me from these cruel Racks; and wou'd no doubt, if she cou'd love as I do.

San. Ha! ha! ha!

Car. But since she don't, what do I whining here? Curse on the base Humilities of Love.

San. Right.

Car. Let Children kiss the Rod that fleas 'em, let Dogs lye down and lick the Shooe that spurns 'em.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a Man, by Nature meant for Power; the Scepter's given us, to wield, and we betray our Trust, where'er we meanly lay it at a Woman's Feet.

San. True, we are Men; boo——Come, Master, let us both be in a Passion; here's my Scepter. [*Shewing a Cudgel*] Subject *Jacinta*, look about you. Sir, was you ever in *Muscovy*? the Women there love the Men dearly, why? because,—[*Shaking his Stick*] there's your Love-powder, for you. Ah, Sir, were we but Wise and Stout, what work shou'd we make with 'em: But this humble Love-making spoils 'em all. A rare way indeed to bring Matters about with 'em; we are persuading 'em all Day they are Angels and Goddeffes, in order to use 'em at Night like human Creatures; we are like to succeed truly.

Car. For my part, I never yet cou'd bear a Slight from any Thing, nor will I now. There's but one Way however to resent it from a Woman; and that's to drive her bravely from your Heart, and place a worthier in her vacant Throne.

San.

San. Now with Submission to my Betters, I have another way, Sir; I'll drive my Tyrant from my Heart, and place my self in her Throne. Yes: I will be Lord of my own Tenement, and keep my Household in Order. Wou'd you wou'd do so too, Master; for look you, I have been Servitor in a Colledge at *Salamancho*; and read Philosophy with the Doctors; where I found that a Woman in all Times has been observ'd to be an Animal hard to understand, and much inclin'd to Mischief. Now, as an Animal is always an Animal, and a Captain always a Captain, so a Woman is always a Woman: Whence it is that a certain *Greek* says, Her Head is like a Bank of Sand; or as another, A solid Rock; or according to a Third, A Dark Lanthon. Pray Sir, observe, for this is close Reasoning; and so, as the Head is the Head of the Body; and that the Body without a Head, is like a Head without a Tail; and that where there is neither Head nor Tail 'tis a very strange Body: So I say a Woman is by Comparison; do you see; (for nothing explains things like Comparisons) I say by Comparison, as *Aristotle* has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging Sea; for as the Sea, when the Wind rises, knits its Brows like an angry Bull, and that Waves mount upon Rocks, and Rocks mount upon Waves; that Porpusses leap like Trouts, and Whales skip about like Gudgeons; that Ships rowl like Beer-Barrels, and Marriners pray like Saints, just so I say a Woman——A Woman, I say, just so, when her Reason is Shipwrack'd upon her Passion, and the Hulk of her Understanding lies thumping against the Rock of her Fury; then it is I say, that by certain Immotions, which——um——cause, as one may suppose, a sort of Convulsive——yes——Hurricanious——um——Like in short, a Woman, is like the Devil, Sir.

Car. Admirably reason'd indeed, *Sancho*.

San. Pretty well, I thank Heav'n; but here come the Crocodiles, to weep us into Mercy.

Enter

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Master, let us shew our selves Men, and leave their briny Tears to wash their dirty Faces.

Car. It is not in the Power of Charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those Eyes will look out sharp, to snap up such a Prize.

[Pointing to Jacinta.]

Jacin. He's coming to us, Madam, to beg Pardon; but sure you'll never grant it him?

Leon. If I do, may Heav'n never grant me mine.

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, Madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual Importunities; I'll ease you of that Pain by telling you, my Bus'ness now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with Heav'n and Hell for seconds, for may the Joys of one fly from me, whilst the Pains of t'other overtake me if all your Charms display'd e'er shake my Resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leon. You are a Man of that nice Honour, Sir, I know you'll keep your Word; I expected this Assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious Dame, you did: How base is Woman's Pride? How wretched are the Ingredients it is form'd of. If you saw Cause for just Disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? Why lead a Slave in Chains, that cou'd not grace your Triumphs? If I am thus to be contemn'd, think on the Favours you have done the Wretch, and hide your Face for ever.

San. Well argu'd.

Leon. I own you have hit the only Fault the World can charge me with; the Favours I have done to you, I am indeed asham'd of; but since Women have their Frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car.

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Car. 'Tis well; extreamly well, Madam. I'm happy however, you at last speak frankly, I thank you for it; from my Soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your Feet again; don't! for if I do——

Leon. You will be treated as you deserve; trod upon.

Car. Give me Patience; —— but I don't want it; I am calm: Madam, farewell; be happy if you can; by Heav'n's I wish you so, but never spread your Net for me again; for if you do——

Leon. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into Fire and Flames; rather be torn with Pincers Bit from Bit; rather be broil'd, like Martyrs upon Gridirons—— But I am wrong; this sounds like Passion, and Heav'n can tell I am not angry: Madam, I think we have no farther Business together; your most humble Servant.

Leon. Farewel t'ye, Sir.

Car. Come along.

[To Sancho.

[Goes to the Scene, and returns.

Yet once more before I go, (lest you should doubt my Resolution) may I starve, perish, rot, be blasted, dead, damn'd, or any other thing that Men or Gods can think on, if on any Occasion whatever, Civil or Military, Pleasure or Business, Love or Hate, or any other Accident of Life, I, from this Moment, change one Word or Look with you.

[Going off Sancho claps him on the Back.

Leon. Content: Come away, *Jacinta*.

Carlos returns.

Car. Yet one Word, Madam, if you please; I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish Bawble I once was fond of. [Twitching her Picture from his Breast. Will you accept a Trifle from your Servant?

G

Leon.

The Mistake.

Leon. Willingly, Sir; I have a Bawble too I think you have some Claim to; you'll wear it for my sake.

[Breaks a Bracelet from her Arm, and gives it him.]

Car. Most thankfully; this too I should restore you, it once was yours.——— *[Giving her a Table-book.]*

By your Favour, Madam,——there is a Line or two in it, I think you did me once the Honour to Write with your own fair Hand. Here it is. *[Reads.]*

*You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret Movements of my Heart:
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours, methinks, I'd never, never part.*

Thus you have encourag'd me, and thus you have deceiv'd me.

San. Very true.

Leon. I have some faithful Lines too; I think I can produce 'em.

[Pulls out a Table-book; reads, and then gives it him.]

*How long soe'er, to sigh in vain,
My Destiny may prove
My Fate (in spite of your Disdain,)
Will let me glory in your Chain,
And give me leave eternally to Love.*

There, Sir, take your Poetry again,

[Throwing it at his Feet.]

'tis not much the worse for my wearing; 'twill serve again upon a fresh Occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the Present, Madam, with—a Pocketful of your Prose.——There.

[Throwing a handful of Letters at her Feet.]

Leon.

Leon. Jacinta, give me his Letters. There, Sir, not to be behind Hand with you.

[Takes a handful of his Letters out of a Box, and throws 'em in his Face.

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

[Jacinta throws the rest at him.

San. 'Cods my Life, we want Ammunition; but for a shift ——— There, and there, you saucy Slut, you.

[Sancho pulls a Pack of dirty Cards out of his Pocket, and throws 'em at her; then they close; he pulls off her Head-cloaths, and she his Wigg, and then part, running she to her Mistress, he to his Master.

Jacin. I think, Madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leon. For a Proof, I resolve to keep the Field.

Jacin. Have a care he don't rally, and beat you yet tho'; pray walk off.

Leon. Fear nothing.

San. How the Armies stand and gaze at one another after the Battel! What think you, Sir, of shewing your self a great General, by making an honourable Retreat?

Car. I scorn it: Oh Leonora! Leonora! A Heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leon. Carlos, Carlos, I have not deserv'd this Usage.

Car. Barbarous Leonora; but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is form'd too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on then, Tyrant; make your Blifs compleat; torment me still; for still, alas, I love enough to be tormented.

Leon. Ah Carlos! little do you know the tender Movements of that thing you name; the Heart, where Love presides, admits no Thought against the Honour of its Ruler.

Car. 'Tis not to call that Honour into doubt, if conscious of our own Unworthiness, we interpret every Frown to our Destruction.

Leon. When Jealousie proceeds from such humble Apprehensions, it shews it self with more Respect than yours has done.

Car. And where a Heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater Crime.

Leon. Forgiveness is not now in our Debate; if both have been in Fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it; our Separation will do Justice on us.

Car. But since we are our selves the Judges of our Crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler Punishment?

Leon. 'Twould but encourage us to Sin again.

Car. And if it should? —

Leon. 'Twould give a fresh Occasion for the pleasing Exercise of Mercy.

Car. Right; and so we act the Part of Earth and Heav'n together, of Men and Gods, and taste of both their Pleasures.

Leon. The Banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then thus let us fall on, and feed upon't for ever.

[Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her Hand.]

Leon. Ah Woman! foolish, foolish Woman!

San. Very foolish indeed.

Jacin. But don't expect I'll follow her Example.

San. You would, Mopsie, if I'd let you.

Jacin. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out; ah — that she had had a little of my Spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her Flesh, my Charmer; but 'twon't do; I am all Rock, hard Rock, very Marble.

Jacin. A very Pumice-stone, you Rascal, you, if one would try thee; but to prevent thy Humilities, and shew

shew thee all Submission would be vain; to convince thee thou hast nothing but Misery and Despair before thee, here — take back thy paultry Thimble, and be in my Debt, for the Shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y^e are at that Sport, Mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the Balance of the Presents. There, take thy Tobacco-stopper, and stop thy —

Jacin. Here — take thy Satin Pincushion, with thy curious half hundred of Pins in't, thou mad'st such a Vapouring about yesterday: Tell 'em carefully, there is not one wanting.

San. There's thy Ivory-hafted Knife again, whet it well; 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but Love.

Jacin. And there's thy pretty Pocket-Sissars thou hast honour'd me with, they'll cut off a Leg or an Arm, Heav'n blefs 'em.

San. Here's the enchanted Handkerchief you were pleas'd to endear with your precious Blood, when the Violence of your Love at Dinner t'other Day made you cut your Fingers. — There.

[Blows his Nose in't, and gives it her.]

Jacin. The Rascal so provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry Garters from him. D' you see these? You pitiful beggarly Scoundrel you: — There, take 'em, there.

[She takes her Garters off, and flaps 'em about his Face.]

San. I have but one thing more of thine, *[Shewing his Cudgel.]* I own 'tis the top of all thy Presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of 'em.

[Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his Neck.]

Jacin. Ah, cruel Sancho: — Now beat me, Sancho, do.

San. Rather, like Indian Beggars, beat my precious self.

[Throws away his Stick, and embraces her.]

Rather

Rather let Infants Blood about the Streets,
 Rather let all the Wine about the Cellar,
 Rather let —— Oh *Jacinta* —— thou hast o'ercome.
 How foolish are the great Resolves of Man!
 Resolves, which we neither would keep, nor can.
 When those bright Eyes in Kindness please to shine,
 Their Goodness I must needs return, with mine:
 Bless my *Jacinta* in her *Sancho's* Arms; ——
Jacin. And I my *Sancho* with *Jacinta's* Charms.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T

A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *the Street.**Enter Lopez.*

AS soon as it is Night, says my Master to me, tho' it cost me my Life, I'll enter *Leonora's* Lodgings; therefore make haste, *Lopez*, prepare every thing necessary, Three Pair of Pocket-Pistols, Two wide-mouth'd Blunderbusses, some Six Ells of Sword-Blade, and a Couple of dark Lanthorns. When my Master said this to me, Sir, said I to my Master, (that is, I would have said it, if I had not been in such a Fright I could say nothing) however I'll say it to him now, and shall probably have a quiet Hearing) Look you, Sir, by dint of Reason I intend to confound you: You are resolv'd, you say, to get into *Leonora's* Lodgings, tho' the Devil stand in the Door-way?—Yes, *Lopez*, that's my Resolution. —Very well; and what do you intend to do when you are there?—Why, what an injur'd Man should do; make her sensible of——Make her sensible of a Pudding; Don't you see she's a Jade? She'll raise the House about your Ears, arm the whole Family, set the great Dog at you. —Were there Legions of Devils to repulse me, in such a Cause I could disperse 'em all. —Why then you have no Occasion for Help, Sir, you may leave me at home to lay the Cloath. —No; thou art my ancient Friend, my Fellow-Traveller, and to reward thy faithful Services, this Night thou shalt partake my Danger and my Glory. —Sir, I have got Glory enough under you already, to content any reasonable Servant for his Life. —Thy Modesty makes me willing to double my Bounty; this Night may bring eternal Honour to thee and thy Family. —Eternal Honour, Sir, is too much.

much in Conscience for a Serving-Man; besides, Ambition has been many a great Soul's Undoing. — I doubt thou art afraid, my *Lopez*; thou shalt be arm'd with Back with Breast and Head-piece. — They will encumber me in my Retreat. — Retreat, my Hero! Thou never shalt retreat. — Then by my Troth I'll never go, Sir. — But here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Will it never be Night? Sure 'tis the longest Day the Sun e'er travell'd.

Lop. Would 'twere as long as those in *Greenland*, Sir, that you might spin out your Life r'other half Year. I don't like these nightly Projects; a Man can't see what he does: We shall have some scurvy Mistake or other happen: A Brace of Bullets blunder through your Head in the Dark perhaps, and spoil all your Intrigue.

Lor. Away, you trembling Wretch, away.

Lop. Nay, Sir, what I say is purely for your Safety; for as to my self — Uds-death, I no more value the losing a Quart of Blood, than I do drinking a Quart of Wine. Besides, my Veins are too full; my Physician advis'd me but yesterday to let go Twenty Ounces for my Health. So you see, Sir, there's nothing of that in the Case.

Lor. Then let me hear no other Objections; for 'till I see *Leonora* I must lye upon the Rack, I cannot bear her Resentment, and will pacifie her this Night, or not live to see to Morrow.

Lop. Well, Sir, since you are so determin'd, I shan't be impertinent with any farther Advice; but I think you have laid your Design to — [He coughs.] (I have got such a Cold to Day) to get in privately, have you not?

Lor. Yes, and have taken care to be introduc'd as far as her Chamber-door, with all Secrecy.

Lop.

Lop. [*He Coughs.*]—This unlucky Cough. I had rather have had a Feaver at another time. Sir, I shou'd be sorry to do you more Harm than Good upon this Occasion: If this Cough shou'd come upon me in the midst of the Action, and give the Alarm to the Family, I shou'd not forgive my self as long as I liv'd. [*Coughs.*]

Lor. I have greater Ventures than that, to take my Chance for, and can't dispence with your Attendance, Sir.

Lop. This 'tis to be a good Servant, and make one's self necessary.

Enter Toledo.

Tol. Sir, —I am glad I have found you. I am a Man of Honour, you know; and do always profess losing my Life upon a handsome Occasion: Sir, I come to offer you my Service. I am inform'd from unquestionable Hands, that Don Carlos is enrag'd against you, to a dangerous Degree; and that old Alvarez has given positive Directions, to break the Legs and Arms of your Servant Lopez.

Lop. Look you there now; I thought what 'twou'd come to; what do they meddle with me for? What have I to do in my Master's Amours? The old Don's got out of his Senses I think; have I Married his Daughter?

Lor. Fear nothing, we'll take care o'thee. —Sir, I thank you for the Favour of your Intelligence, 'tis nothing however but what I expected, and am provided for.

Tol. Sir, I wou'd advise you to provide your self with good Friends, I desire the Honour to keep your back-Hand my self.

Lop. 'Tis very kind indeed: Pray Sir, have you ne'er a Servant with you, cou'd hold a Racket for me too?

H

Tol.

Tol. I have two Friends, fit to head two Armies. And yet—— A Word in your Ear, they shan't cost you above a Ducat a-piece.

Lop. Take 'em by all Means, Sir; you were never offer'd a better penny-worth in your Life.

Tol. Ah Sir,—— little *Diego*—— you have heard of him; he'd have been worth a Legion upon this Occasion: You know, I suppose, how they have serv'd him?—— They have hang'd him: But he made a Noble Execution: They clapp'd the Rack and the Priest to him at once; but cou'd neither get a Word of Confession nor a Groan of Repentance: He dy'd mighty well truly.

Lor. Such a Man is indeed much to be Regretted: As for the rest of your Escort, Captain, I thank you for 'em; but shall not use 'em.

Tol. I'm sorry for't Sir, because I think you go in very great Danger; I'm much afraid your Rival won't give you fair Play.

Lop. If he do's I'll be hang'd. He's a damn'd Passionate Fellow, and cares not what Mischief he does.

Lor. I shall give him a very good Opportunity; for I'll have no other Guards about me but you Sir. So come along.

Lop. Why Sir, this is the Sin of Presumption; setting Heav'n a Defiance; making Jack-pudding of a Blunderbuss.

Lor. No more, but follow. Hold! Turn this Way; I see *Camillo* there. I wou'd avoid him, 'till I see what Part he takes in this odd Affair of his Sister's. For I wou'd not have the Quarrel fix'd with him, if it be possible to avoid it. [Exit Lorenzo.]

Lop. Sir—— Captain *Toledo*, One Word if you please, Sir; I'm mighty sorry to see my Master won't accept of your friendly Offer: Look ye; I'm not very Rich, but as far as the Expence of a Dollar went, if you'd

you'd be so kind to take a little Care of me, it shou'd be at your Service.

Tol. Let me see? ——— A Dollar you say? ——— But suppose I'm wounded?

Lop. Why you shall be put to no extraordinary Charge upon that: I have been Prentice to a Barber, and will be your Surgeon-my self.

Tol. 'Tis too cheap in Conscience; but my Land Estate is so ill paid this War Time ———

Lop. That a little Industry may be commendable: So say no more; that Matter's fix'd. [*Exeunt Lop. and Tol.*]

Enter Camillo.

How miserable a Perplexity have I brought my self into? Yet why do I complain? Since with all the dreadful Torture I endure, I can't repent of one wild Step I've made. O Love: What Tempests can'st thou raise, what Storms can'st thou assuage? To all thy Cruelties I am resign'd: Long Years, through Seas of Torment, I'm content to roul, so thou wilt guide me to the happy Port of my *Lorenzo's* Arms, and bless me there with one calm Day at last.

Enter Isabella.

What News, dear *Isabella*? Methinks there's something chearful in your Looks may give a trembling Lover Hopes. If you have Comfort for me speak, for I indeed have need of it.

Isab. Were your Wants yet still greater than they are, I bring a plentiful Supply,

Cam. O Heav'ns! Is't possible?

Isab. New Mysteries are out, and if you can find Charms to wean *Lorenzo* from your Sister, no other Obstacle is in your way to all you wish.

Cam. Kind Messenger from Heav'n, speak on.

H 2

Isab.

Isab. Know then, that you are Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Cam. How? Daughter to *Alvarez*?

Isab. You are: The Truth this Moment's come to Light. And till this Moment, he, altho' your Father, was a Stranger to it. Nay, did not even know you were a Woman. In short: The great Estate which has occasion'd these uncommon Accidents, was left but on Condition of a Son; great Hopes of one there was, when you destroy'd 'em, and to your Parents came a most unwelcome Guest, to repair the Disappointment you were exchange'd for that young *Camillo*; who few Months after dy'd. Your Father then was absent, but your Mother quick in Contrivance, bold in Execution, during that Infant's Sickness, had resolv'd his Death should not deprive her Family of those Advantages his Life had given it; so order'd things with such Dexterity, that once again there pass'd a Change between you; of this (for Reasons yet unknown to me) she made a Secret to her Husband, and took such wise Precautions, that 'till this Hour 'twas so to all the World, except the Person from whom I now have heard it.

Cam. This News indeed affords a View of no unhappy Termination. Yet there are Difficulties still may be of fatal Hindrance.

Isab. None, except that one I just now nam'd to you; for to remove the rest, know, I have already unfolded all both to *Alvarez* and Don *Felix*.

Cam. And how have they receiv'd it?

Isab. To your Wishes both. As for *Lorenzo*, he is yet a Stranger to all has pass'd; and the two old Fathers desire he may some Moments longer continue so. They have agreed to be a little Merry with the Heats he is in, and engage you in a Family Quarrel with him.

Cam. I doubt, *Isabella*, I shall act that Part but faintly.

Isab. No matter, you'll make amends for it in the Scene of Reconciliation.

Cam.

Cam. Pray Heav'n it be my Lot to act it with him.

Ifab. Here comes Don *Felix*, to wish you Joy.

Enter Don Felix.

D. Felix. Come near, my Daughter, and with extended Arms of great Affection let me receive thee. [*Kisses her.* Thou art a dainty Wench, good faith thou art, and 'tis a mettld Action thou hast done; if *Lorenzo* don't like thee the better for't, 'Cods my Life, he's a pittiful Fellow, and I shan't believe the bony old Man had the getting of him.

Cam. I'm so encourag'd by your Forgiveness, Sir, methinks I have some flattering Hopes of his.

D. Felix. Of his? I-gad and he had best, I believe he'll meet with his Match if he don't. What do'st think of trying his Courage a little, by way of a Joak or so?

Ifab. I was just telling her your Design, Sir.

D. Felix. Why I'm in a mighty witty Way upon this whimsical Occasion. But I see him coming. You must not appear yet; go your way in to the rest of the People there, and I'll inform him what a Squable he has work'd himself into here. [*Exeunt Camillo and Isabella.*

Enter Lorenzo and Lopez.

Lop. Pray, Sir, don't be so obstinate now, don't affront Heav'n at this rate: I had a Vision last Night about this Business on purpose to forewarn you; I Dreamt of Goose Eggs, a blunt Knife and the Snuff of a Candle; I'm sure there's Mischief towards.

Lor. You Cowardly Rascal, hold your Tongue.

D. Felix. *Lorenzo*, come hither my Boy, I was just going to send for thee. The Honour of our Ancient Family lies in thy Hands; there is a Combat preparing, thou must fight, my Son.

Lop.

Lop. Look you there now, did not I tell you? O, Dreams are wondrous things; I never knew that Snuff of a Candle fail yet.

Lor. Sir, I do not doubt but *Carlos* seeks my Life, I hope he'll do it fairly.

Lop. Fairly, do you hear, fairly? Give me leave to tell you, Sir, Folks are not fit to be trusted with Lives, that don't know how to look better after 'em. Sir, you gave it him; I hope you'll make him take a little more care on't.

D. Felix. My care shall be to make him do as a Man of Honour ought to do.

Lop. What, will you let him fight then? Let your own Flesh and Blood fight?

D. Felix. In a good Cause, as this is.

Lop. O, *Monstrum Horendum*! Now I have that Humanity about me, that if a Man but talks to me of Fighting I shiver at the Name on't.

Lor. What you do on this Occasion, Sir, is worthy of you: And had I been wanting to you, in my due Regards before, this noble Action wou'd have stamp'd that Impression, which a grateful Son ought to have for so Generous a Father.

Lop. Very Generous truly; gives him leave to be run through 'the Guts, for his Posterity to brag on a Hundred Years hence. [*Aside.*]

Lor. I think, Sir, as things now stand, it won't be right for me to wait for *Carlos's* Call: I'll, if you please, prevent him.

Lop. Ay, pray Sir, do prevent him by all means; 'tis better made up, as you say, a Thousand times.

D. Felix. Hold your Tongue, you impertinent Jack-anapes, I will have him fight, and fight like a Fury too; if he don't he'll be worsted, I can tell him that. For know, Son, your Antagonist is not the Person you name, it is an Enemy of twice his Force.

Lop. O dear, O dear, O dear, and will no Body keep 'em afunder?

Lor.

Lop. No Body shall keep us asunder, if once I know the Man I have to deal with.

D. Felix. Thy Man then is——*Camillo.*

Lop. Camillo!

D. Felix. 'Tis he; he'll suffer no Body to decide this Quarrel but himself.

Lop. Then there are no Seconds, Sir.

D. Felix. None.

Lop. He's a Brave Man.

D. Felix. No, he says no Bodys Blood shall be spilt on this Occasion, but theirs who have a Title to it.

Lop. I believe he'll scarce have a Law Suit upon the Claim.

D. Felix. In short, he accuses thee of a shameful Falshood, in pretending his Sister *Leonora* was thy Wife; and has upon it prevail'd with his Father, as thou has done with thine, to let the Debate be ended by the Sword 'twixt him and thee.

Lop. And pray, Sir, with Submission, one short Question if you please; What may the gentle *Leonora* say of this Business?

D. Felix. She approves of the Combat, and Marries *Carlos.*

Lop. Why God-a-mercy.

Lor. Is it possible? sure she's a Devil not a Woman.

Lop. I-cod, Sir, a Devil and a Woman both, I think.

D. Felix. Well, thou sha't have Satisfaction of some of 'em. Here they all come.

Enter Alvarez, Leonora, Carlos, Sancho and Jacinta.

Alv. Well, Don *Felix*; have you prepar'd your Son? for Mine, he's ready to engage.

Lor. And so is his. My Wrongs prepare me for a Thousand Combats. My Hand has hitherto been held, by the Regard I've had to every thing of Kin to

Leo-

Leonora; but since the monstrous Part she acts has driven her from my Heart, I call for Reparation from her Family.

Alv. You'll have it, Sir; *Camillo* will attend you instantly:

Lop. O lack, O lack; will no Body do a little something to prevent Bloodshed? Why, Madam, have you no Pity, no Bowels? [*To Leonora.*] Stand and see one of your Husbands stoter'd before your Face? 'Tis an arrant Shame.

Leon. If Widowhood be my Fate, I must bear it as I can.

Lop. Why did you ever hear the like?

Lor. Talk to her no more. Her monstrous Impudence is no otherwise to be reply'd to, than by a Dagger in her Brother's Heart.

Leon. Yonder he's coming to receive it. But have a care, brave Sir, he does not place it in another's.

Lor. It is not in his Power. He has a rotten Cause upon his Sword; I'm sorry he's engag'd in't; but since he is, he must take his Fate. For you, my Bravo, expect me in your Turn [*To Carlos.*]

Car. You'll find *Camillo*, Sir, will set your Hand out.

Lor. A beardless Boy. You might have match'd me better, Sir: But Prudence is a Virtue.

D. Felix. Nay, Son, I wou'd not have thee despise thy Adversary neither; thou'lt find *Camillo* will put thee hardly to't

Lor. I wish we were come to the Trial. Why do's he not appear?

Jacin. Now do I hate to hear People brag thus. Sir, with my Lady's leave, I'll hold a Ducat he disfarms you. [*They laugh.*]

Lor. Why, what? — I think I'm sported with. Take heed, I warn you all; I am not to be trifled with.

Enter

Enter Camillo and Isabella.

Leon. You sha'nt, Sir; here's one will be in earnest with you.

Lor. He's welcome: Tho' I had rather have drawn my Sword against another. I'm sorry, *Camillo*, we shou'd meet, on such bad Terms as these, yet more sorry your Sister shou'd be the wicked Cause on't; but since nothing will serve her but the Blood either of a Husband or Brother, she shall be glutted with't. Draw!

Lop. Ah Lard, ah Lard, ah Lard.

Lor. And yet, before I take this Instrument of Death into my fatal Hand, hear me, *Camillo*; hear, *Alvarez*; all! I imprecate the utmost Powers of Heav'n, to shower upon my Head the deadliest of its Wrath I ask, that all Hell's Torments may unite, to round my Soul with our eternal Anguish, if Wicked *Leonora* ben't my Wife.

Omnes. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord.

Leon. Why then, may all those Curses pass him by, and wrap me in their everlasting Pains, if ever once I had a fleeting Thought of making him my Husband.

Lop. O Lord, O Lord, O Lord.

Leon. Nay more: To strike him Dumb at once, and shew what Men with honest Looks can practice; Know, He's Married to another.

Alv. and Felix. How?

Leon. The Truth of this is known to some are here.

Facin. Nay, 'tis certainly so.

Isab. 'Tis to a Friend of mine.

Car. I know the Person.

Lor. 'Tis false, and thou art a Villain for thy Testimony.

Cam. Then let me speak; What they aver is true and I my self was in Disguise a Witness of its doing.

Lor.

Lor. Death and Confusion! He a Villain too! Have at thy Heart. [He draws.

Lop. Ah! — I can't bear the Sight on't.

Cam. Put up that furious Thing, there's no Business for't.

Lor. There's Business for a Dagger, Stripling; 'tis that shoud be thy Recompence.

Cam. Why then, to shew thee Naked to the World, and close thy Mouth for ever, — I am, my self thy Wife. —

Lor. What does the Dog mean?

Cam. To fall upon the Earth, and sue for Mercy.

[Kneels and lets her Perriwig fall off.

Lor. A Woman? —

Lop. I-God, and a pretty one too; you Waggs you.

Lor. I'm all Amazement. Rise, *Camillo*, (if I am still to call you by that Name) and let me hear the Wonders you have for me.

Isab. That part her Modesty will ask from me: I'm to inform you then, That this Disguise hides other Mysteries, besides a Woman; a large and fair Estate was cover'd by't, which with the Lady now will be resign'd you. 'Tis true, in Justice it was yours before; but 'tis the God of Love has done you Right. To him you owe this strange Discovery, through him you are to know, the true *Camillo's* dead, and that this fair Adventurer is Daughter to *Alvarez*.

Lor. Incredible! But go on; let me hear more.

D. Felix. She'll tell thee the rest her self, the next dark Night she meets thee in the Garden.

Lor. Ha! — Was it *Camillo* then, that I —

Isab. It was *Camillo* who there made you happy: And who has Virtue, Beauty, Wit and Love — enough to make you so, while Life shall last you.

Lor. The Proof she gives me of her Love, deserves a large Acknowledgment indeed. Forgive me therefore, *Leonora*, if what I owe this Goodness and these Charms,

Charms, I with my utmost Care, my Life, my Soul,
endeavour to repay.

Cam. Is it then possible you can forgive me?

Lor. Indeed I can; few Crimes have such a Claim to
Mercy; but join with me then, dear *Camillo*, (for still
I know you by no other Name) join with me to ob-
tain your Father's Pardon, yours, *Leonora*, too, I
must Implore: And yours, my Friend, for now we may
be such. [*To Carlos.*] Of all I ask Forgiveness. And
since there is so fair Cause of all my wild Mistakes, I
hope, I by her Interest shall obtain it.

Alv. You have a Claim to mine, *Lorenzo*, I wish I
had so strong a one to yours; but if by future Services
(though I lay down my Life amongst 'em) I may blot
out of your Remembrance a Fault (I cannot name)
I then shall leave the World in Peace.

Lor. In Peace then, Sir, enjoy it; for from this very
Hour, what e'er is past, with me, is gone for ever.
Your Daughter is too fair a Mediatrix to be refus'd his
Pardon, to whom she owes the Charms she pleads with
for it.

From this good Day, then let all Discord cease;
Let those to come be Harmony and Peace,
Henceforth let all our different Int'rests join,
Let Fathers, Lovers, Friends, let all combine,
To make each others Days as blest as she will mine. }

EPILOGUE,

Written by Mr. Motteux.

I'M thinking, now good Husbands are so few,
To get one like my Friend, what I must do.
Camillo ventur'd hard; yet at the worst,
She stole Love's Hony-Moon; and try'd her Lover first.
Many poor Damsels, if they dar'd to tell,
~~Have done as much, but have not fear'd so well.~~
'Tis well the Scene's in Spain; thus in the Dark,
I shou'd be loath to trust a London Spark.
Some Accident might, for a private Reason,
Silence a Female, all this Acting Season.
Hard Fate of Woman! Any one wou'd vex,
To think what Odds, you Men have, of our Sex:
Restraint and Customs share our Inclination,
You Men can try, and run o'er half the Nation.
We dare not, even to avoid Reproach,
When y'are at Whites, Peep out of Hackney-Coach;
Nor with a Friend at Night, our Fame regarding,
With Glass drawn up, Drive about Covent-Garden.
If poor Town-Ladies steal in here, you Rail,
Tho' like Chaste Nuns, their Modest Looks they Veil,
With this decorum, they can hardly gain
To be thought Virtuous, even in Drury-Lane.
Tho' this you'll not allow, yet sure you may
A Plot to Snap you, in an honest Way.
In Love-Affairs, one scarce would spare a Brother:
All cheat; and Married Folks may keep a Pother,
But look as if they cheated one another.
You may pretend, our Sex dissembles most;
But of your Truth none have much Cause to boast:

You

*You Promise bravely; but for all your Storming,
We find you're not so Valiant at Performing.*

*Then sure Camillo's Conduct you'll approve:
Would you not do as much for one you love?
Wedlock's but a blind Bargain at the best,
You venture more, sometimes, to be not half so blest.
All, soon or late, that dang'rous Venture make,
And some of you may make a worse Mistake.*

F I N I S.



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F I N I S.



